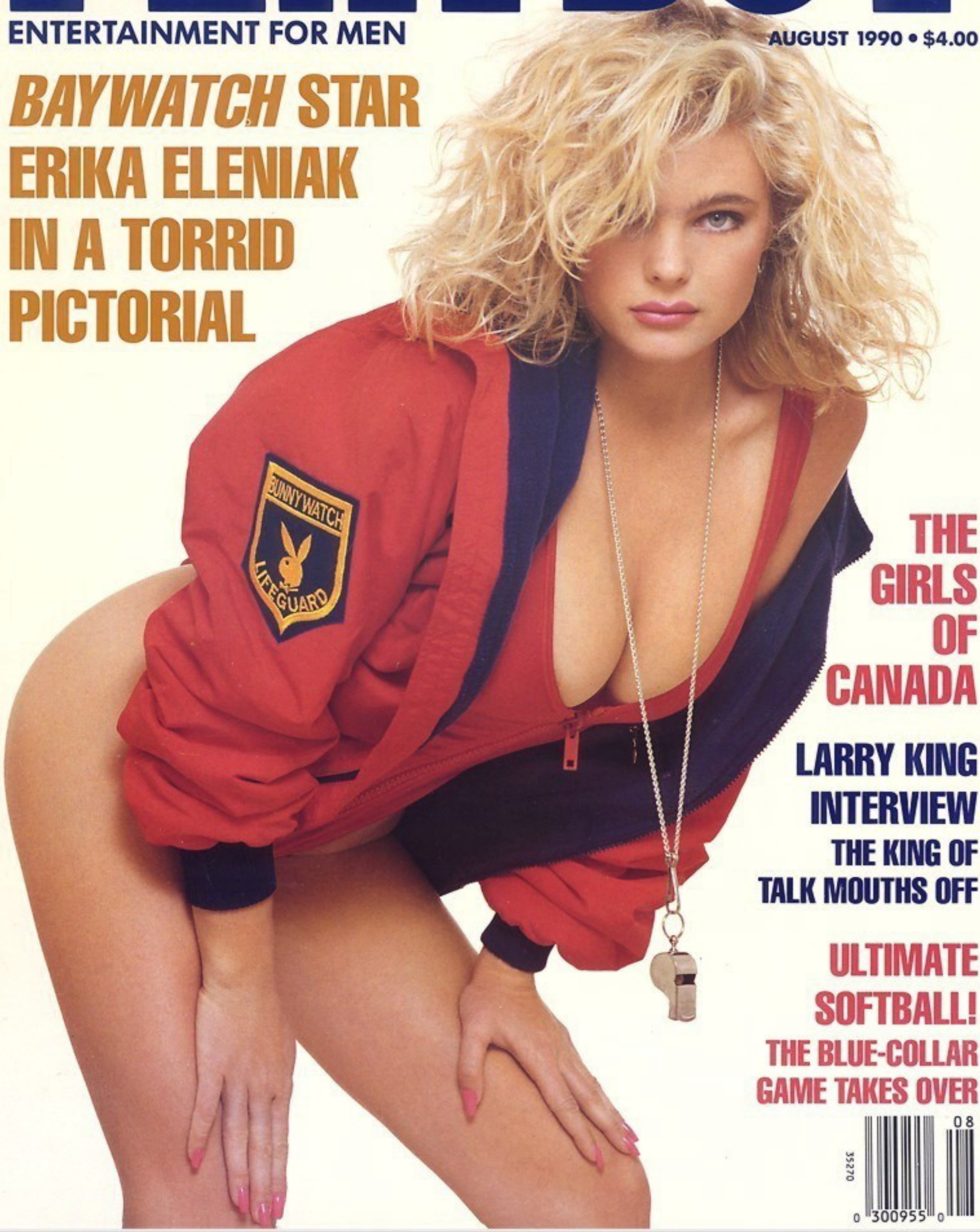
PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1990 • $4.00

BAYWATCH STAR ERIKA ELENIAK IN A TORRID PICTORIAL



THE GIRLS OF CANADA

LARRY KING INTERVIEW

THE KING OF TALK MOUTHS OFF

ULTIMATE SOFTBALL!

THE BLUE-COLLAR GAME TAKES OVER

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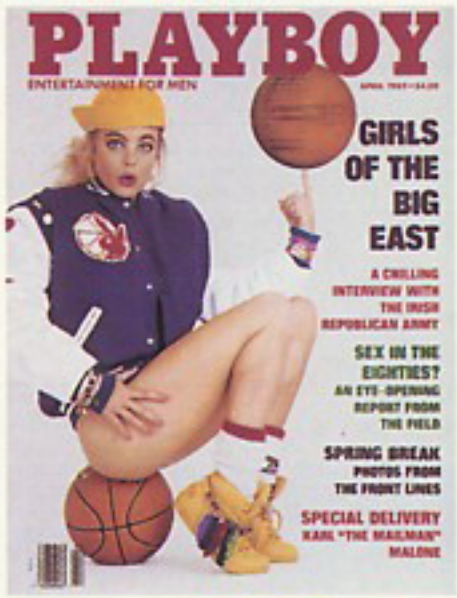
"Look, Celia: I majored in chemistry, so I ought to know—doing it in the open air does not damage the ozone layer!"

BEAUTY ON THE BEACH

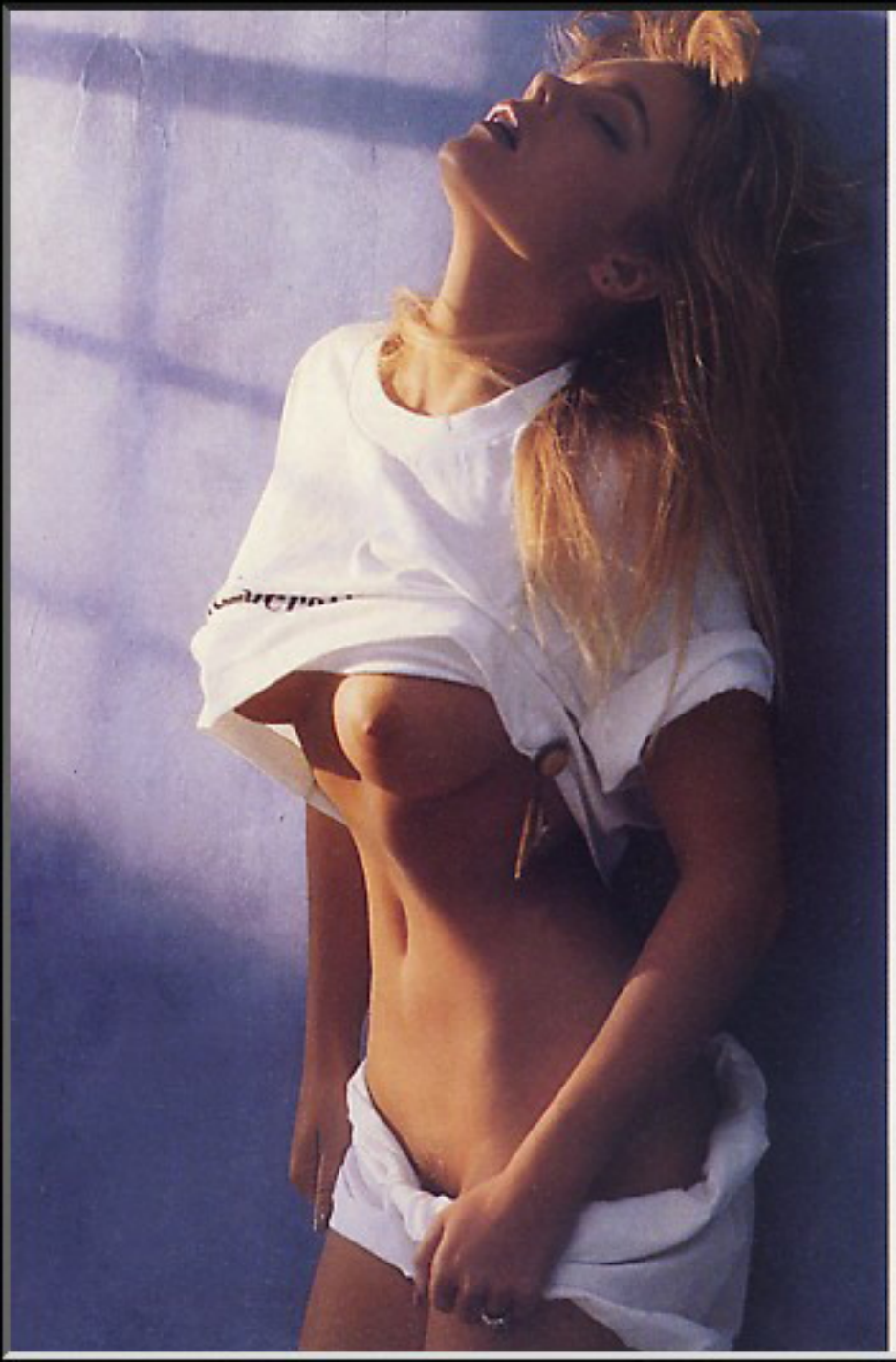
playboy playmate erika eleniak heats up the sand in *baywatch*

SHE MADE HER MODELING DEBUT at the age of ten in a tykes' underwear ad. By her teens, she had landed a feature role in the movie of the decade—the lips you see here provided the young hero's first kiss in *E.T.* Last year, she made her *Playboy* debut as a cover girl, then sizzled our centerfold as Miss July. And now, at the ripe young age of 20, Erika Eleniak is hotter than ever. "I guess I grew up fast," says the star of NBC's beachin' lifeguard series *Baywatch*. The show's fast and, if not necessarily loose, certainly suggestive enough to keep millions of viewers glued to their sets every Friday, hoping to see if Erika's bathing suit shrinks when wet. *Baywatch* has been called NBC's contribution to TV T and A—a show that uses life-and-death drama as a pretext for plots that put its heroine in (A) danger and (B) tight swimsuits. "We don't exploit anyone's body," producer Doug Schwartz told *Rolling Stone*, which called its piece on the show "Babe Watch." Said Erika, "Look at our bathing suits. We could have gotten really radical, but those are regulation suits." What went unexplained was the crux of the matter: Whether she wears a teeny bikini, a regulation lifeguard suit or a suit of armor, California girl Erika can't help looking radical. And, of course, she fully intends to move on from her role as Shauni McLain on *Baywatch* to more challenging parts, though she sees no need to apologize for playing a pretty girl on TV. After all, she owes a debt to the medium; Erika learned how to kiss by watching TV. One time, she was watching *The Brady Bunch* and saw Bobby getting kissed. "And *skyrockets* went off," she says. Young Erika tried it. "I kissed this guy and I swear, there *were* skyrockets." She brings that same sense of purpose to her current work. "People have no idea what it takes to be a lifeguard," she says. "It's also important to show how women deal with the job." *Baywatch*, she says, "is like *St. Elsewhere* on the beach." For now, she's delighted to be playing Shauni McLain. As for what the future holds, she has no insider's info. "But I don't want to be under anybody's thumb," says Erika. "I want to do my work, be in charge of my own life and just be a good person." Sounds like the perfect formula to us, Erika.



As Shauni McLain (second from left above, with her *Baywatch* co-stars), Erika adds beachin' beauty to NBC's lifeguard thriller. As Miss July 1989 and in her cover appearance that April (above right), she introduced *Playboy* readers to California chic, Eleniak style. On the facing page, she shows off the form that makes *Baywatch* watchable. More than mere sandy-haired decor, Erika brings verisimilitude to the series. She answers the show's critics with a simple truth—there's nothing wrong with looking good in your swimsuit, as long as nobody drowns when you're on duty.

Moderation



There are, of course, aspects of Erika's talent that can't be shown on TV. "Posing nude makes you very aware of your body," she says. Trying to look good for the camera, "I focus on every last part of myself." In this, Erika is no different from her highly focused fans.

As a teen, she says, "I was a Sixties reject. I tried everything." Experiments with drugs and alcohol left Erika cold. Now she warms up naturally in the Southern California sun. Born in 1969, Miss July 1989 realized years ago that the Nineties, not the Sixties, were her time.

Erika is not ashamed of her success. How many 20-year-olds can choose to drive to work in a BMW or a Benz? She's not ashamed of her famed body, either. How many people of any age look this good? But she keeps her head clear. "I'm a long-term girl." And the future looks even brighter than the present.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

"the arc of the ball . . . # A SALUTE TO SOFTBALL *the ping of the bat"*

A PLAYBOY SPECIAL SECTION ON THE RAMPAGING GAME OF SUMMER

SLOW-PITCH SOFTBALL, God bless it, has always been a sport of high numbers. Your average office stiff with a solid swing and a sure eye can bat .500, and the guy whose wife nags him to lose his gut can regularly use that heft to lose the ball in deepest center field.

Fast-pitch, the sport of strong-arm pitchers and frustrated batsmen, was the dominant form of the game 30 years ago; today, 90 percent of softball players prefer to take their cuts at the soft, juicy, irresistible, slow lob. With good reason: In slow-pitch, there's a play on every batter, the ball can be used to scatter picnickers and it sometimes lands in the parking lot. Softball is an ideal social game, it is accessible to players of all skill levels and it provides an alternative venue for beer consumption.

For those reasons, softball is racking up some big numbers of its own these days. With more than 40,000,000 participants (up from 25,000,000 in 1980), it stands as the nation's most popular team sport. Baseball may be the national pastime, but softball is what gets the country off its big fanny and into the field, where it belongs.

•

It all started on Thanksgiving Day, 1887, in the gymnasium of the Farragut Boat Club at the edge of Lake Michigan in Chicago, where a group of 20 or so young men had gathered to hear reports on the Harvard-Yale football game. When the game ended—Yale prevailed 17–8—one mischievous Eli picked up a stray boxing glove and lobbed it across the gym at a Harvard fan. The target saw the glove coming, grabbed a pole and batted it back.

Seeing this, a young reporter for the Chicago Board of Trade named George Hancock said, "I've got it. Let's play ball." Each team scored about 40 runs, and softball was on its way to greatness.

By 1900, the game had spread across the country, and during the Depression, it was determined that 11,000,000 Americans of both sexes played the game on 8696 diamondettes (as softball fields were often called). Dale Carnegie played, as did Babe Ruth, Lowell Thomas and cartoonist Rube Goldberg, who became something of a legend by pitching for five innings with a lighted cigar clenched between his teeth. It was a jolly time for the game. So jolly that attempts were made to ban beer and other alcohol from the playing field, which, in turn, gave rise to critic Alexander Woollcott's telling question "Why softball when there is highball?"

The game got a nice boost after World War Two when playgrounds and recreation departments began to wire softball diamonds for nighttime play. In the Seventies, it absolutely took off. Maybe it was all that little league the baby boomers had been forced to play when they were young. Maybe it was the yearning for sport and fitness. Or the advent of light beer. Whatever the reasons, the number of softballers doubled over the next 20 years and the equipment manufacturers found themselves with a $370,000,000 market. Five million league games will be played this year, which means that softballs will be lobbed, smashed and thrown the distance from home plate to Alpha Centauri, give or take a few light-years. You could look it up.

Faced with those kinds of numbers, the editors at *Playboy* figured it was time to play ball. So we've put together a lineup that includes hitting instruction, equipment, oddities, all-stars and, in this age of office and coed softball, some important tips on diamond etiquette. Think of this as your field guide to the summer game. Don't leave home plate without it.

Softball is synonymous with summer and outdoors, but it began as a winter, indoor game. It was first played in Chicago's Farragut Boat Club (top) in November 1887, and soon "indoor baseball" teams (above) caught on all over the city. The game went outdoors in spring, and by the Thirties, the entire country was playing.

THE HARD GUYS OF SOFTBALL

Here's a bar bet for you: Which two baseball greats got their start in softball?

Time's up.

Tommy "Old Reliable" Henrich and Ernie "Let's Play Two" Banks. In fact, those two also make up the entire list of famous softballers, once you discount all the people who got famous before they stepped onto the field. That's because in softballdom, the fame goes to the teams, which, come to think of it, is a pretty democratic way of doing things.

Just about the biggest team going right now is Steele's Silver Bullets, a.k.a. The Men of Steele. They are a band of barnstorming, Ruthian monsters who go out and hit home runs high over the heads of the hapless slow-pitchers who oppose them. Mike "The Machine" Macenko is their leader, an athlete who failed to rate the cover of any national magazine even after whacking 3143 home runs over the course of the Eighties. Factor that into your Rotisserie League stats and see where it gets you.

The men are in the employ of Steele's Sports of Grafton, Ohio, with the added sponsorship of Coors Light. Steele's makes and sells bats, so these guys routinely field test them with 16 downtowners in a game. As a team, they batted .670 and stroked 3730 home runs last year. All those pyrotechnics have led to 1344 wins in the past five years. But the really scary part is that they have actually *lost* 100 games. Think about the guys who beat them.

Think about Superior/Apollo of Windsor Locks, Connecticut, for instance. Head to head against The Men of Steele last season, they won 11 of 15. Frank LaTeano, the team's sponsor and coach, recruits nationally, picking up players from a bunch of superteams that collapsed in the late Eighties. LaTeano admits that some of his guys are monsters, "but they are also true athletes who are multitalented and can get that third out when you need one."

Yet even *they* weren't named the number-one team last year. That distinction—earned through a tortuous process reminiscent of the way collegiate football champs are determined—went to Ritch's Salvage of Harrisburg, North Carolina, which only goes to show that having an unwieldy name on your uniform won't wreck your team's chance of success.

ODD BALL

Codify any set of rules and people will find a way to bend, break or reinterpret them:

• Backward Ball—In 1908, the National Playground Association allowed leadoff base runners to choose the direction of infield traffic by running to first *or* third.

• Snowball—Priest Lake, Idaho, sponsors a winter tournament in which players use a pink ball and wear snowshoes.

• Gay Ball—Yvonne Zipter's *Diamonds Are a Dyke's Best Friend* bills itself as a report on "the lesbian national pastime."

• Shortfielder's Ball—The Little People of America play it at their convention.

• The Old Ball Game—There is a circuit in Florida for players 75 or older.

• City of Big Balls—Chicago's variant uses a ball that is a full 33⅓ percent

larger than the normal 12-inch ball, and nobody uses a baseball glove. Its devotees, past and present, include George Halas, "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn and Mike Royko.

GROUND RULES OF THE COED GAME

The first thing to know about coed softball is that it isn't played on a level field. Women have all the advantages.

When you play with guys, you're all

playing by the same rules, culturally and baseballistically. On the coed ball field, however, your instinct to protect and serve women gets tangled with your instinct to kill the enemy, thereby rendering you goofy. And this goofiness is attained precisely in your attempts not to act like a clod in front of the women whom, taken collectively, you'd like to impress.

About these women: Some of them will have only a passing interest in impeding the flight of the ball, with either bat or glove. But a growing minority of your diamondmates will be tough, serious players who would test you even without the sympathetic handicaps your gender imposes. Add the fact that you're psychologically vulnerable, playing a game you were supposed to master in boyhood, while women have nothing to lose, as nothing is expected of them. It's a jam Whitey Herzog couldn't maneuver out of.

To help explore this difficult terrain, we consulted a man who once had the opportunity to put a glove on Barbi Benton in a celebrity softball game but instead did the gentlemanly thing and threw her out at first. Now, there's an expert. His tip on coed softball: "Never underestimate. Make sure you've seen a woman swing a few times before you bring in the outfield. The embarrassment factor in a bloop single is far less than a home run over a drawn-in outfield."

Here are a few other ground rules

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

we should all be able to agree on:

• You are supposed to treat women with courtesy but stop short of condescension, even if they couldn't hit a dead fly with a mallet.

• If a woman can't hit or catch, don't point it out to her. She knows it. She hates it. You point it out and she'll miss the next one by an even wider margin. A humiliated woman is no fun in the bar after the game.

• Take it easy on the posturing. Treat women like the guys, but stop short of the scratching, spitting and vulgarity that have made softball such fun over the years.

• With all those babes around, you're going to be tempted to hot-dog it—swing four bats around your head, adjust that jockstrap. Don't do it. No woman worth having will buy that act.

• Handicap yourself to compensate for your superior athletic ability, but never acknowledge that you may be the least bit better than a female player. Handicaps range from modest (not playing her position for her, even if she couldn't catch a cold in a day-care center) to ridiculous (not letting men wear gloves). Once handicaps have been agreed upon, obey and ignore them.

In short, coed softball offers all the drawbacks of a woman-filled world and none of the advantages. That is, until the game's over and you're in a cool bar, glowing with vitality and fitness. Only then will you understand why you just wasted two hours with these silly, clumsy . . . these lissome, dewy creatures. Only then will they be fair game. Until then, remember: It's their game.

BIZ BALL

Corporate softball can be a whole new ball game. For one thing, the company flow chart is scrambled; suddenly, that pushy V.P. is benched because of his poor

fielding skills, while the incredible hulk from the mail room is accepting admiring glances from the secretarial cheering section. That won't make the veep happy, which can be a work problem for the hulk, if you know what we mean.

People do take the game pretty seriously. A high school girl was quoted in *The Washington Post* as saying that she played "because softball is the executive sport, and if I ever work for IBM . . . I'll need to know how to play." She might want to apply to the executive in Boise who had his secretary stand along the side lines holding a wad of crisp new bills; she'd ante up for every hit and tack on bonuses for extra bases. The same guy marched his charges down to a screening of Leni Riefenstahl's *Triumph of the Will*. Softball, softball, *über Alles*.

Clearly, corporate softball guidelines are in order:

• Make sure the boss plays. He may turn your Murderer's Row into a second-degree misdemeanor, but put him on the bench and the uniform fund dries up, the year-end banquet is canceled.

• Softball skill is inversely proportionate to salary. Recruiters should always begin in the mail room and among the security forces; head for the honchos only when league registration fees are due.

• Put accountants on the mound. They are versed in deception, cool as the numbers mount up and too scrawny to fully occupy space elsewhere on the field.

• Team practices should always be on company time. Get Personnel to plead corporate morale on your behalf.

• Don't extend field relationships into the office. If a colleague makes a good point in a sales meeting, it is *not* acceptable to slap him (or her) on the butt.

• If corporate honor is at stake, hire consultants (a.k.a. ringers). In Central Park, available ringers rove from field to field, offering their services.

• If you're playing against clients or colleagues, don't engage in conduct unbecoming. A New York attorney explains that her opponents are often people she works with. "The key," she says, "is balancing your professional image with your conduct on the field." Translation: Don't spike the president of the bar association.

• Bring in the national sales force during play-offs. Salesmen are famous for being ex-jocks and can often add offensive punch when you need it most.

• If you're a dork, don't play.

THE FAME GAME

Softball is such an accessible game that even people with no appreciable skills can play. That leaves the field wide open for celebs, politicians and TV executives.

• The Broadway Show League, now in its 36th season, fills three diamonds in Central Park on Thursday afternoons.

• The Congressional League has had as many as 250 teams—a frightening statement about bloated bureaucracy.

• In East Hampton, on Long Island, there is the annual Artists & Writers game. Recent lights of the competition have been John Irving, George Plimpton and Carl Bernstein.

• Brandon Tartikoff, president of NBC Entertainment and a fanatical softball player, leads a weekly charge of studio execs, writers, sycophants and toadies onto a softball field in West L.A. The goal is to share a base with a powerful executive and make pitches from close range.

HITTING the ball. *Smoking* it. *Jacking* it. *Mashing a tater*. The words themselves are quick violence, and why not? There's nothing nice about what the game's greatest sluggers do to poor, defenseless softballs.

"I really *compressed* that one," says Bruce "The Incredible Hulk" Meade of the tater he launched in a game 12 years ago in Amarillo, Texas. Quick quiz: How far did Meade's moon shot travel? Was it 250 feet, the length of an average softball tater? Or 380, the distance your basic major-league baseball—far livelier than a softball—goes when Jose Canseco compresses one? Was it 450—tape-measure distance even for baseball heroes? Try 500. Then take three more giant steps. "The wind was blowing in, too," says Meade, recalling his legendary 510-foot shot, the longest home run ever hit in a softball game.

Great sluggers share one quality. Mike "The Machine" Macenko, Meade's rival in the softball pantheon, calls it selective aggression. "You can't go to the plate with a nice-guy attitude. Get up there and *hit* it," says Macenko. In 1987, he hit it to the tune of (this is not a typo) 844 home runs, breaking the previous record by 341. He had 1534 R.B.I.s in 350 games. His 508-foot homer, second only to Meade's blast in softball lore, sailed over a parking lot and struck a car owned by a commissioner of the Amateur Softball Association.

Softball's top aggressors gave the tape measure a rest to share their secrets with *Playboy* readers. There's a catch, though. If you're going to read further, go get a bat and stop thinking like a nice guy. Macenko and Meade have no patience for park-league guys who go to the plate hoping for a walk or a bloop single. Big-time softball ain't about speed or defense or looking pretty in your uniform. It's about hurting the ball.

"If you've got any frustrations in your life, take them out on that ball," says Macenko. "If there's one mistake park-league hitters make, it's that they're not aggressive enough. They take a lot of pitches, waiting for that perfect strike." His advice: "Get up there and take a good cut. *Always* be aggressive."

"Slow-pitch softball used to be thought of as a girls' game," says Meade. "Not anymore."

These days, the only soft thing about the game is the ball.

One other thing: Most of the game's greats sport Mighty Casey mustaches. Grow one.

And swing hard.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL NELSON

1. Take a threatening practice swing to loosen your muscles and make the pitcher think twice. Grip the bat lightly, with the pinkie of your bottom hand *under* the handle of the bat. **2.** As the ball descends, rock backward. When it drops into the hitting zone, stride directly toward it. Shift your weight forward and pivot on your front leg with a ferocious hip turn. Your hands trail your hips as you *throw* the bat at the ball. Your front arm is nearly straight and your top hand is under the bat as you cock your wrists. **3.** Your belt buckle spins to face the pitcher. Your chin is tucked against your forward shoulder, eyes on the middle of the ball. Your swing is a slight uppercut. With your arms completely extended, you crush the softball about six inches in front of the plate. Your back wrist turns over, adding extra force at impact. **4.** Circle the bases, champ.

1.

2.

3.

4.

"I just can't lead my people based in Manhattan. I must return to New Mexico."

BLUEGRASS BELLE

in kentucky, where good breeding counts, miss august is one fine filly

GO FIGURE. The girl spends her entire life growing up in Lexington—the fertile crescent of the U.S. Thoroughbred horse market. Her father is in the horse business. Her boyfriend is in the horse business. She has been riding since she was three years old. Naturally, Melissa Evridge will embark on an equestrian career. Whoa, there. Wait just a Kentucky minute. Miss August has opted out of the family enterprise and has decided that if anyone belongs in the winner's circle, she does. Luckily for us. Life seems to be a series of exciting choices for Missy Evridge. After she appeared in *Playboy*'s *Girls of the Southeastern Conference* last October, things started happening to this small-town girl with big-city dreams. All of a sudden, she had to decide whether or not to leave school, move to New York or Los Angeles and continue her modeling career or even take the plunge into acting. "Being in *Playboy* really had an impact on my life. It made me sort of a minicelebrity here in Lexington," she says now. "Of course, some people here weren't as pleased with it as I was." She was invited to leave the bank where she was working at the time but now, looking back philosophically, declares, "It was probably for the best. I've decided to devote all my time to finishing my schooling. That's very important to me. Eventually, I'd love to model and act and still have Lexington as my home base," Missy says with a determined look on her face. "I did

"Growing up in Lexington, I've been around horses my whole life," says Miss August. "I'm an OK rider. Not great but fair. It's been a great business for my family. I just developed other interests, I guess. It's lucky for me that I developed in all the right areas."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

live in New York for a while but didn't like it much. Lexington is really a small town. Everyone seems so interconnected. It makes it feel like family, and I like that feeling. Plus, there's more for me to accomplish here in my own back yard." She's not just saying that, either. Melissa is a card-carrying member of Greenpeace and more than a bit concerned about the environment. "Watch me. When I go places, I'm always picking up other people's litter. It makes me so mad that we're trashing the places we live in. Everybody can make a difference. I'd just like to make people more aware of their space."

"I'd always dreamed of becoming Miss America," says Missy. "As I grew older, I decided that beauty pageants were too exploitative of the girls who competed. That kind of exposure isn't for me. I like to be the one making the choices that have a direct impact on my life. That is what's so great about being a Playmate. I can be part of something important and still say I've made my own decisions."

Melissa Evridge

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: MELISSA EVRIDGE

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 113

BIRTH DATE: 11-2-68 BIRTHPLACE: LEXINGTON, KY.

AMBITIONS: TO FURTHER MY MODELING CAREER AND TO LIVE A FULL, HAPPY LIFE

TURN-ONS: SOFT JAZZ, WALKS ON THE BEACH, GOOD TIMES WITH FRIENDS

TURN-OFFS: PEOPLE WHO PRETEND TO BE SOMETHING THEY AREN'T, PEOPLE WHO LITTER

IDEAL MAN: ALL-AMERICAN TYPE, POLITE AND SENSITIVE, SEXY, ATHLETIC & FUN

FANTASY TRIP: AUSTRALIA - I HAVE SEEN SUCH BREATH-TAKING PICTURES AND I WOULD LOVE TO EXPERIENCE IT MYSELF

FAVORITE MOVIES: DIRTY DANCING, WEST SIDE STORY

FAVORITE FOODS: PIZZA, CHINESE FOOD & MEXICAN FOOD

IT'S IMPORTANT TO ME THAT: PEOPLE START TAKING RESPONSIBILITY FOR OUR ENVIRONMENT

Hamming it up at 15

Christmas break at home

The "determined" look!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A prominent East Coast socialite sat her daughter down for a talk before the debutante ball. "Darling," she advised, "you must be careful of certain lecherous young men. They will offer you martinis and before you know it, they'll push you onto a couch and . . . well, our family will be disgraced."

The next morning, the mother asked her daughter how things had gone. "Great," the girl replied. "A young man *did* offer me several martinis, just as you said. But I made *him* drink them all and before you know it, he was smashed out of his mind. So I pushed him onto a couch and screwed his brains out and . . . well, I guess *his* family is lookin' pretty bad!"

What's the difference between a lawyer and a vulture? A lawyer's wing tips come off.

Hey, it's your birthday," one friend said to another as they met for a drink. "Why so blue?"

"Ah, the guys at work gave me a sweater," he replied.

"Wrong size?"

"Nah. It's just that last year, they gave me a moaner and groaner."

After receiving several complaints of loud pounding on the walls of an upstairs room, the motel night clerk ran up and knocked on the door.

An elderly man answered. "Sir," the clerk said sternly, "don't you realize there are other guests here who are trying to get some sleep?"

"To hell with *them*," the old man screamed. "I just got my first erection in twenty years and both my hands are asleep."

Have you ever had sex rodeo style? That's where you mount your wife from behind, tell her, "This is how my girlfriend and I do it," and then try to stay on for eight seconds.

As a golfer teed up at precisely his reserved time, he was tapped on the shoulder. The intruder handed him a note reading, "I am deaf and mute. Please let me play through."

"This is *my* tee-off time," the golfer bellowed, shaking his head vigorously. "Your handicap doesn't entitle you to play through." Then he proceeded to drive his ball straight down the fairway.

"Nice shot," the fellow's caddie said as they headed off the tee, leaving the deaf-mute fuming.

While lining up his next shot, the golfer was struck on the head by a ball. Turning around angrily, he spotted the deaf-mute holding up his hand. "What the hell is he doing?" the golfer said, squinting into the sun.

"I believe he's holding up four fingers, sir," his caddie replied.

Cynics suggest that Donald Trump is thinking about marketing a new breakfast cereal called You Ain't Gettin' Nut 'n' Honey.

A salesman pulled off the highway and stopped at a restaurant for a quick bite. Before he left, he visited the rest room and noticed a box attached to the wall with a hole in it and a sign reading LET ME BE YOUR WIFE—25 CENTS. Intrigued, the fellow inserted a quarter and slipped his penis into the hole.

A few moments later, he came crashing through the rest-room door, screaming in pain. The alarmed restaurant manager hurried over. "Sir, what's the matter?"

"I tried your damn 'Let me be your wife' machine and I'm suing!"

"Didn't it work?"

"Yeah, it worked, all right," he groaned. "I just didn't know it was going to sew a damn button on my dick."

How can you tell if a male WASP is sexually aroused? By his stiff upper lip.

While walking down Fifth Avenue, a woman wearing a full-length mink coat was stopped by an animal-rights activist. "Lady, do you know how many animals were killed to make that coat?" he demanded.

"Do you know how many animals I had to fuck to get it?" she replied.

How do religious fanatics chase away agnostic neighbors? They burn question marks on their lawns.

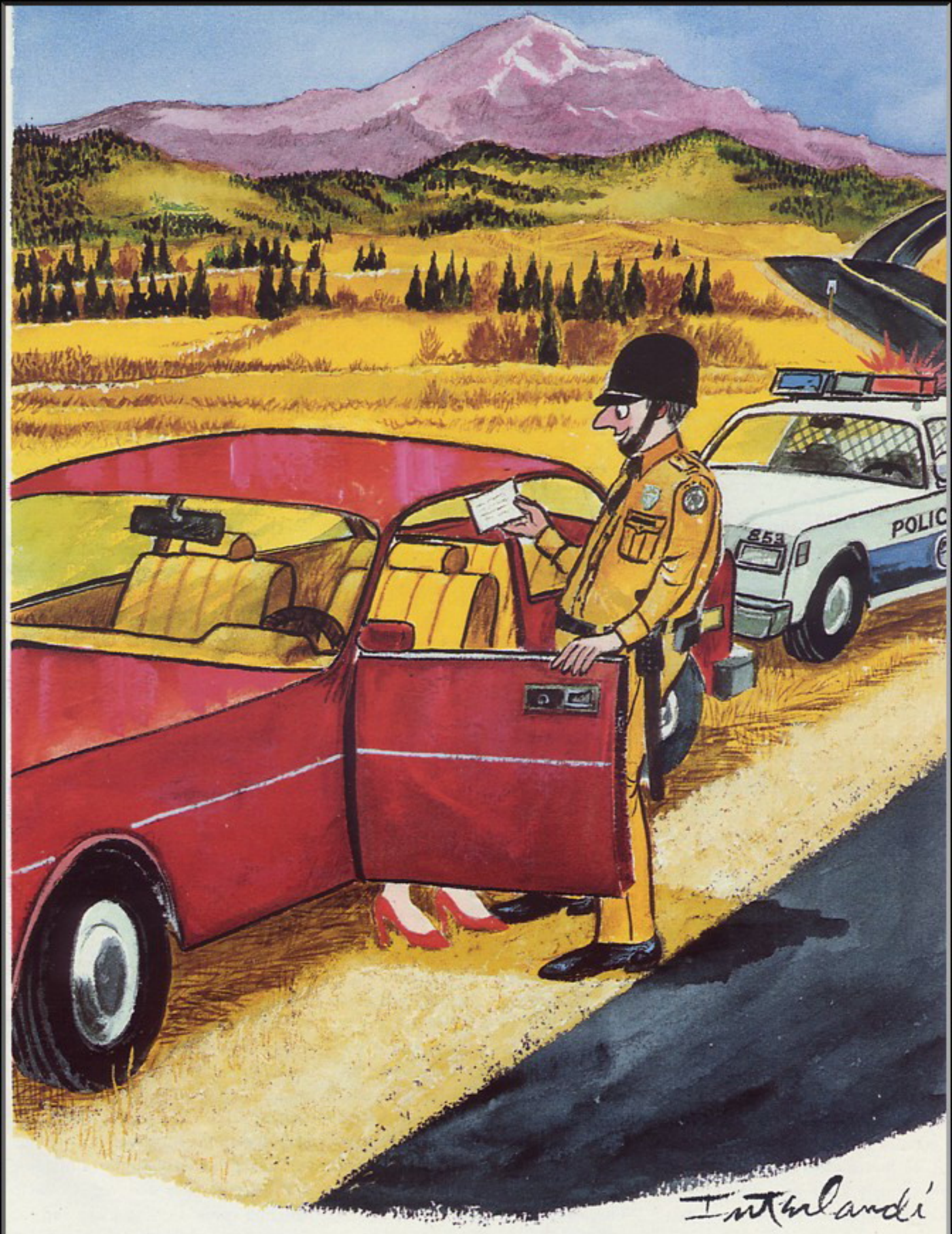
A big brute of a fellow died and found himself in front of the pearly gates. "Hello, son," Saint Peter said, jangling his keys. "What did you do down on earth?"

"I was a member of the Washington, D.C., SWAT team," he replied.

"Well, I don't think there's any point in your trying to get in here," Saint Peter said.

"I'm not trying to get in," the cop retorted. "I'm giving you all five minutes to get out!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"You have the right to remain silent—this doesn't change anything, you understand. . . . You have the right. . . ."

Maybe There Is a God

six lessons in the pitfalls of public hypocrisy

By JOE DOMANICK

ROBERT BAUMAN

THE RISE: "I would not want my children taught or influenced by gay people," announced the three-term Congressman from Maryland. Robert Bauman, a devout Catholic, a family man with an adoring wife and four kids and a reputation as a crusading archconservative, fortified his words with action—as a prominent backer of the Family Protection Act, which sanctioned, among other things, the exclusion of gays from jobs and housing. Bauman also voted twice to bar gays from using Federal legal-aid money to battle discrimination. So solid were his antigay credentials that the Baltimore *Evening Sun* actually called him a "fag basher" in an editorial.

THE FALL: Bauman was arrested and charged with soliciting sex from an underage boy in a Washington, D.C., gay bar. Charges against him were dropped when he agreed to enter a rehabilitation program for his alcoholism, but his secret life—years of cruising Washington's "meat rack" district, a taste for homoerotic literature found by his wife under the seat of his car—finally caught up with him: His wife had their marriage annulled and he failed to win re-election to the House for a fourth term.

JIMMY SWAGGART

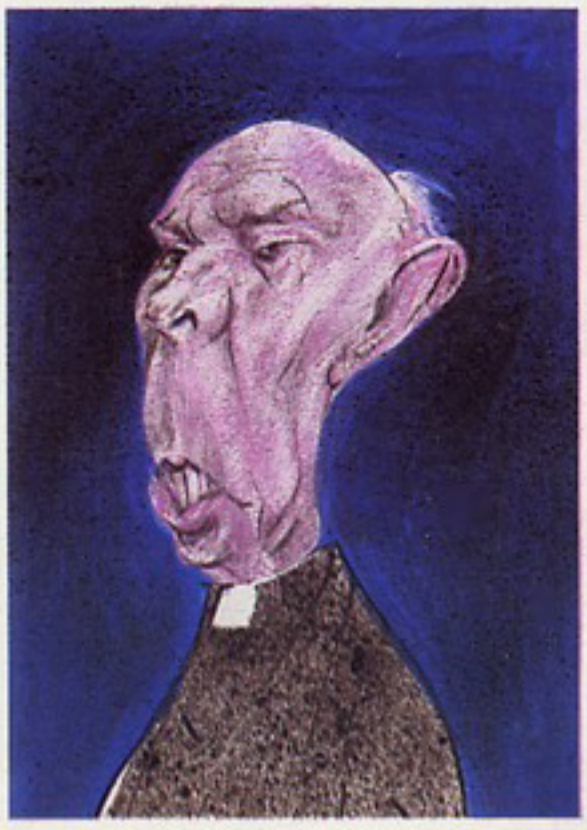
THE RISE: "An outlet for lust" is how Jimmy Swaggart characterized the sin of masturbation. "After masturbation is engaged in, the moral fiber is weakened until fornication and adultery follow." Cheered on by his TV ministry—at one time, the largest viewing audience of any TV evangelist in the world—the pyrotechnic Swaggart railed against all manner of evil in his sermons, including Roman Catholicism ("a false religion"), Judaism (Jews, "because of their rejection of Christ . . . have known sorrow and heartache"), homosexuality ("the worst sin in the world"), rock music ("demonically inspired") and Jim Bakker himself ("I'm ashamed, I'm embarrassed"). Swaggart was stern, strict and arrogant. "If you don't like what I say," he sniffed, "talk to my boss."

THE FALL: Swaggart was photographed by a rival minister's son as he left a grimy New Orleans motel room with a $20 hooker. Swaggart, said the prostitute, was a regular customer who liked to masturbate while he looked up her skirt or touched her in non-Biblical places. His syndicated TV ministry still exists but is now seen in about one fifth the homes it was seen in before the scandal.

FATHER BRUCE RITTER

THE RISE: "Pornography is immoral, and the source of my statement is God, not social science," declared Father Bruce Ritter, a Meese commission stalwart. Ritter's direct pipeline to the Almighty turned him into an antiporn, antisex zealot—he didn't like the idea of sex *within* a marriage unless it was for procreation ("It wastes the seed," complained the Catholic priest). As the revered founder of Covenant House, the world-wide network of shelters for runaway teenagers that was praised by Ronald Reagan during a State of the Union Address, he was deemed beyond reproach. He was a political powerhouse as well, doing battle with anyone who opposed him.

THE FALL: Three of Ritter's young runaway charges accused him of homosexual molestation and criminal behavior—he had illegally arranged for one of them to assume a false identity. He was also charged with a variety of financial improprieties, including the existence of a secret $1,000,000 trust fund designed, in part, to hide the size of his income. Ritter was forced to resign from Covenant House, and he was followed by nearly half of the board of directors, which had been deemed too deferential to the once-popular cleric.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BRODNER

EDWIN MEESE III

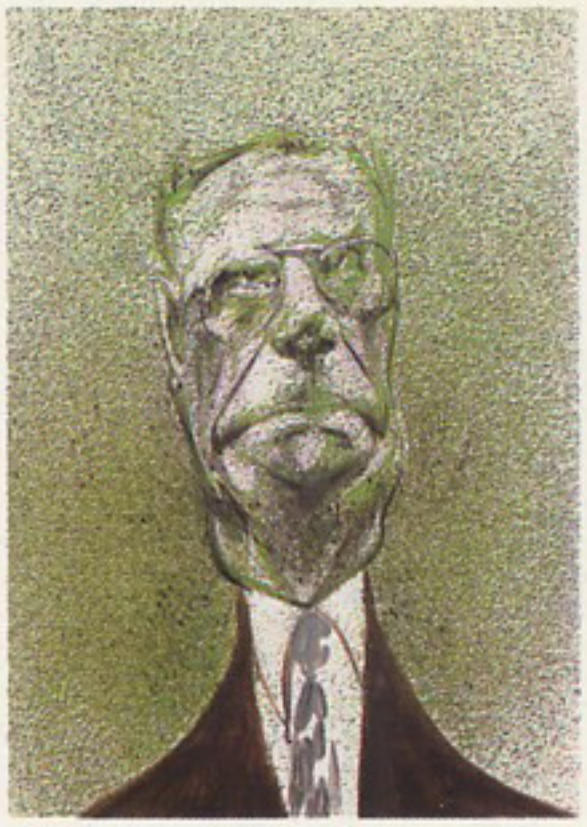
THE RISE: Few men in America took their role as guardian of the public morality as seriously as Edwin Meese III. Nor were many as ill equipped for the job. As a top advisor to Ronald Reagan and, later, as his blundering Attorney General, Meese attempted singlehandedly to reinterpret the Constitution. After dismissing the A.C.L.U. as a "criminals' lobby" and urging employers, as good soldiers in the war on drugs, to spy on employees in "locker rooms, parking lots, even nearby taverns," he declared, "You don't have many suspects who are innocent of a crime. That's contradictory. If a person is innocent, then he's not a suspect." Meese had an interesting twist on the First Amendment, as well, when he spearheaded the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography in 1986. At one public hearing after another, it attempted to link erotic material with violence, despite the fact that there had been no evidence to support that allegation.

THE FALL: If all suspects are guilty, then send Meese a cake with a file in it. He barely escaped being indicted in the Wedtech scandal, and the Office of Government Ethics investigated charges that he had violated Federal ethics requirements, among other offenses, when his wife took an interest-free loan from a man later named to a Federal Government post and when Meese used White House connections to get himself an undeserved promotion to colonel in the Army Reserve. He resigned as Attorney General in 1988 after an independent counselor stated that he had "probably violated the criminal law" on four occasions since taking office.

JIM BAKKER

THE RISE: Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker built a TV-evangelism empire that allowed the couple to preach in 13,500,000 homes, brought in $130,000,000 a year and financed Heritage U.S.A., a theme park for Christians who couldn't handle the worldliness of Disneyland. There may have been a few personal perks as well—the occasional Rolls-Royce, perhaps even an air-conditioned doghouse for those dog days of summer. But it was the Bible, they claimed, not money, that inspired them. "I want to save the world for Jesus," said Jim earnestly. Sobbed Tammy during one of their frequent fund-raising drives, "I've offered to sell everything I own, because things don't really mean that much when it comes to getting out the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But if I sold every single thing I owned, Jim, it would probably keep us on the air only one more day." "Oh, no," Jim responded knowingly. "It wouldn't be that long."

THE FALL: The Gospel took a back seat to soap opera when Tammy's rumored affair with country singer Gary Paxton drove Jim into an ill-fated liaison with Jessica Hahn—one of several of his extramarital trysts with both men and women. After Jim was caught paying Hahn $265,000 in hush money, the empire began to crumble: Not only had the Bakkers siphoned millions of dollars to finance their own lavish lifestyle but they had also defrauded their flock, selling far more time-share arrangements at Heritage U.S.A. than the park could conceivably handle. Jim is currently serving a 45-year sentence in a Federal correctional institute. Tammy is seeking work as a cosmetics-company spokeswoman.



CHARLES KEATING, JR.

THE RISE: Charles H. Keating, Jr., the wealthy right-wing activist, never missed an opportunity to espouse strict Christian values. As a real-estate developer, he tried to put deed covenants into a planned community that would have prohibited residents from having abortions or bringing X-rated reading material or artwork into their own homes. While in Cincinnati, he founded the Citizens for Decency Through Law, which fought all forms of erotica, even harassing Ramada Inns for offering an adult cable channel to guests. "For those who believe in God," he thundered, "in His absolute supremacy as the Creator and Lawgiver of life . . . for those who believe in these things, no argument against pornography should be necessary." As the head of Lincoln Savings and Loan, he earned $3,200,000 a year and opposed Government regulation almost as vehemently as he did pornography.

THE FALL: After Keating sold about $200,000,000 in now-worthless bonds, the Federal Government filed suit, accusing him of squandering 1.1 billion dollars of Lincoln's savings deposits through "illegal, fraudulent and imprudent acts." Taxpayers, of course, will have to make good on those deposits. Lincoln's losses are 2.5 billion dollars; some 22,000 people who bought uninsured Lincoln bonds lost their entire investments and five U.S. Senators who went to his aid are being investigated by the Senate Ethics Committee and the FBI. Morality in the bedroom, it seems, did not extend to the board room.

GIRLS OF CANADA

there's bounteous beauty just across that border

By Mike Armstrong CANADA. For most men, the mere mention of the place conjures up images of ice fishing, lean bacon and safe haven from military service. But for those of us who have done time in the Great White North—guys with chilling tales of hypothermia and confusing metric conversions—Canada means just one thing: women!

Surprised? Consider this: Hugh Hefner's last three girlfriends were Canadian, and last year he married one! Does he know something you don't? You bet he does. Hef has been riding the cutting edge since he figured out that pipe-and-pajama thing. You don't see him running off to Sweden or Italy in search of beautiful, exotic women. Take it from me, there's a new frontier to be conquered, and it's only about a $15 cab ride from downtown Buffalo.

The subject of Canadian women is one I feel confident discussing, for I am a Canadian citizen and I have the socialized health insurance to prove it. And, like so many of my fellow citizens, I feel compelled to let the world know that Canada is the greatest country on the face of this earth. (Regrettably, this undertaking has required my establishing permanent residence in the United States and moving into a terrific apartment in New York City.) *(text concluded on page 140)*

Bidding you ahoy from the deck of a Canadian tug (top left) is Shannon Green, a dental assistant from Vancouver, British Columbia. What sets Shannon's teeth on edge? "Crowded shopping areas and all those consecutive days of rain!" Below is Sonja Banman, an aerobics instructor from Richmond, B.C. Sonja is combing the Canadian wilds for the perfect guy—one with "a bare chest and soccer legs."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN

Moving clockwise around the facing page, from top left: Quebec City's Annie Savard is a ski bum (snow *and* water) who describes her dream man in three words—in French: *"romantique et amoureux."* Lynette Armeneau hails from Edmonton, Alberta, where she works in communications and craves *sushi* and Canadian bloody caesars (marys with clam juice). Toronto actress Lisa Heughan is the daughter of a famous psychic, but her goals are down to earth: to work with animals and handicapped children. A "true Icelandic" from Richmond, Peggy-Sue Anderson has a thing for guys in boxer shorts; she's also partial to lingerie and her sister's lasagna. On this page is Loralie Tulik, a nanny and war-games enthusiast from Alberta. Smiling for the camera is old hat: Loralie has appeared in three calendars since 1989.

COWLEY

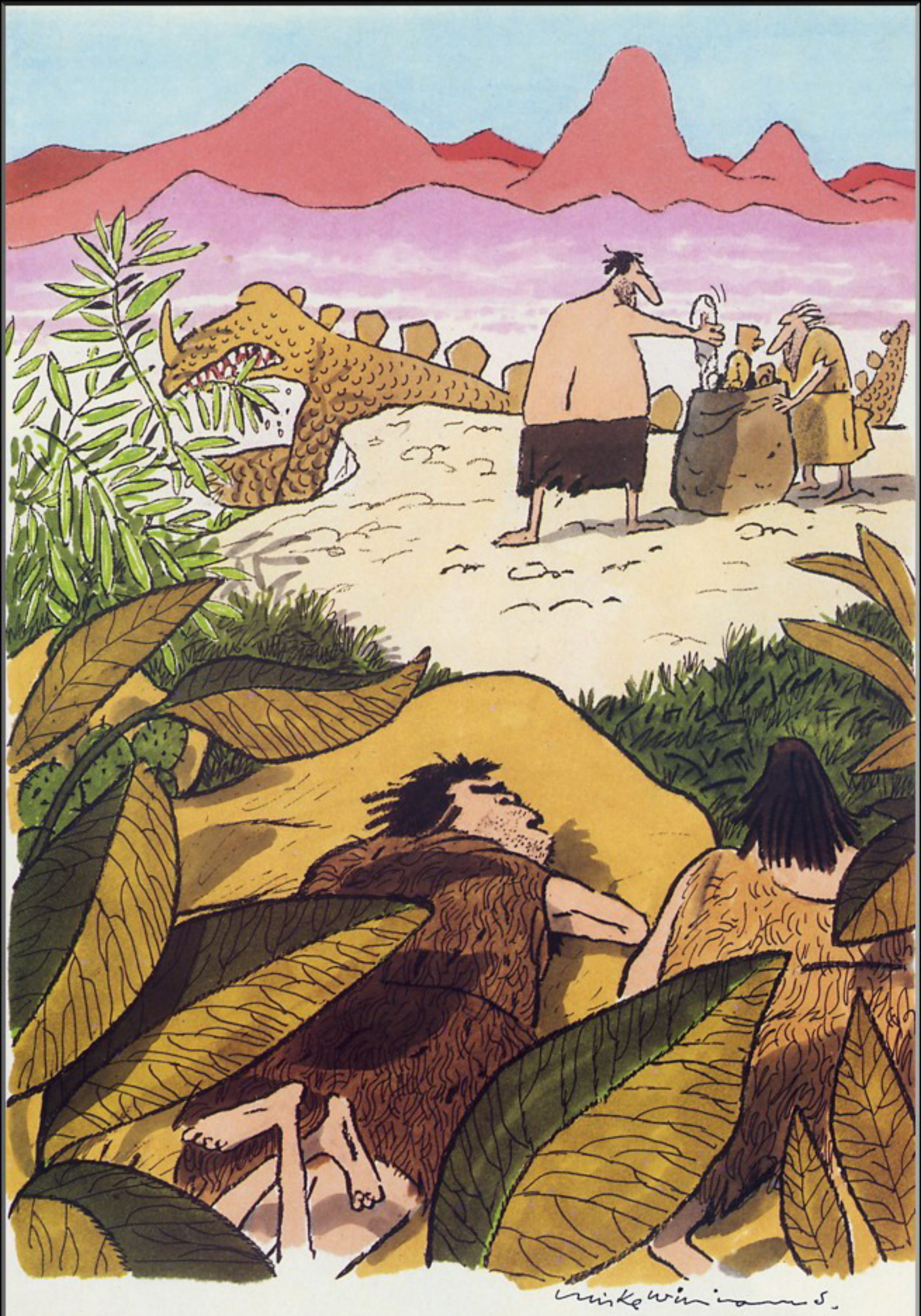
SPECIALIZED

Model Payton Olsen (opposite, top) moved to Edmonton from Chilliwack, B.C. Her least favorite activity, she says, is arguing with her boyfriend. Her favorite? "Making up with him." Below Payton is Calgary's Rachel Bayne, a computer operator who'd like to make a million bucks before she's 30; we think she *looks* like a mil right now. Speaking of beauty appreciation, Montreal salesgirl Claudia Steele (above) wants to be an art-museum curator. Melody Stark (below) was born in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, and now models in and around Nanaimo, B.C. Her fast-paced schedule makes for an unusual hobby: "collecting speeding tickets." June Hendry (right) is a waitress and a future travel-agency owner from Rexdale, Ontario. June fesses up to three daily musts: shopping, cooking and taking baths.

Although Calgary's Tamara Allen (opposite, top) enjoys hiking and horseback riding, not all of her passions are so earthy: She also dabbles in astrology. Below Tamara is Barbara Gajewska, a model who immigrated to Calgary from Kraków, Poland. Barbara braves cold Alberta evenings in a typically Canadian way: sipping hot chocolate in front of the fireplace. Sun-bathing and water sports still rank high on the activity list of Krista Richards (above), a Downsview, Ontario, legal secretary originally from Ocala, Florida. But don't try to peg her as your typical sunshine girl gone north—or typical *anything*. Warns Krista, "I like things outside the normal spectrum." Modeling isn't the only thing that jazzes Calgary's Barbara Hunter (left). There's also Maxine, Benji and Giuseppe. Max and Benji are puppies, but as for Giuseppe, Barbara will only hint: "I love European men with hairy chests, especially Italians."

Colorful is the best way to describe Vancouver's Andrea Johnson (hitching a sleigh ride at right). She's a pushover for anything red, bristles at beige and admits to having once had fuchsia hair. Andrea hopes one day "to make outrageous custom shoes." Vancouver model Emilee Filonova (below) is writing her "bionovel," in which she may finally tell the world about her passion for Harleys, cigars and Russian vodka—and why she has trouble keeping her German shepherd puppy out of her bubble baths. Christine Bickle (below right) is a secretary from Toronto. "I like tall, blond men who make me happy," says the 5'4" Christine. "I also like having no worries." Finally, meet Martine Bernier (opposite), a movie-star-to-be from Pickering, Ontario. Martine is engaged to Toronto Maple Leaf right wing Daniel Marois—they'll face off at the altar this summer.

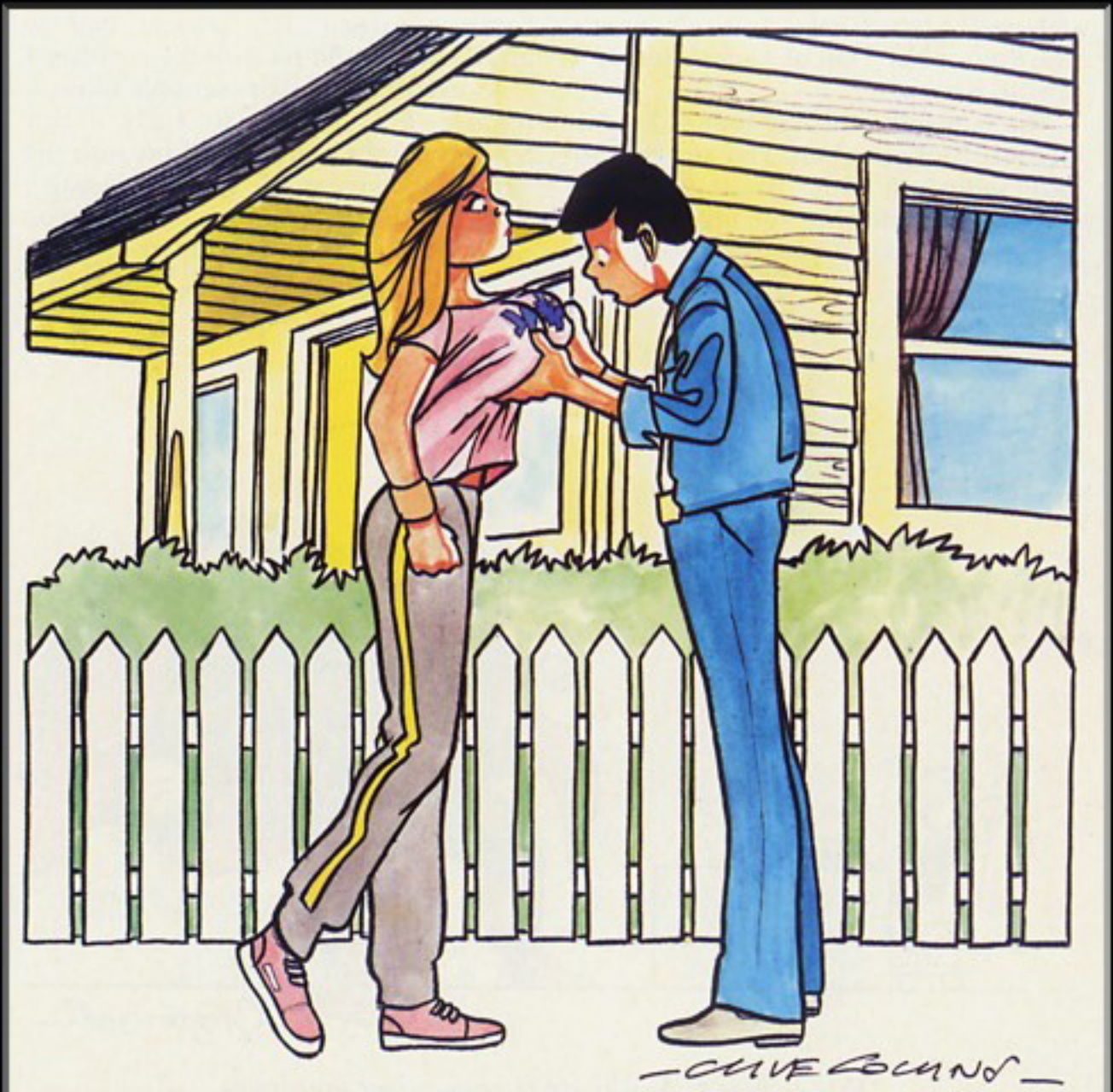
"OK, but I've never heard of America's Horniest Home Videos."



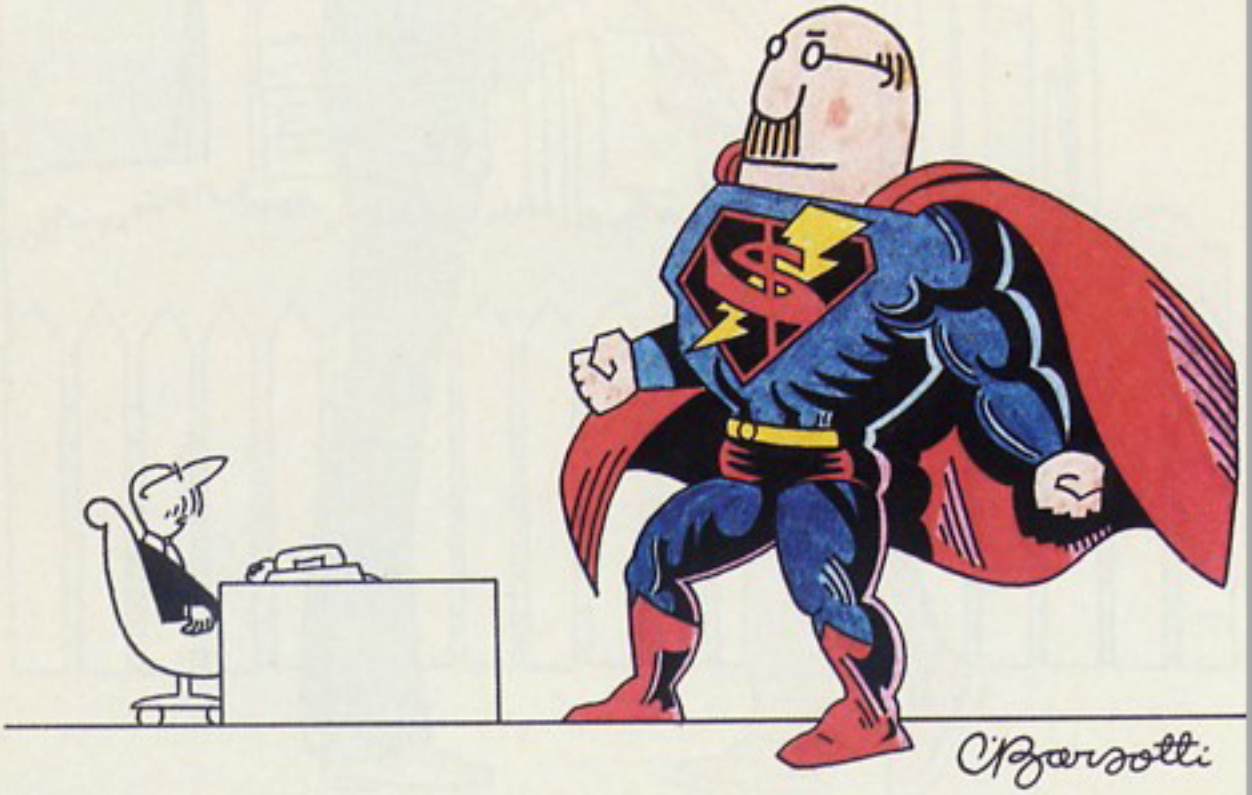
"Now, that's a surprise; he usually prefers a wood at this distance."

LEO
GAREL

"I never knew one could do the lambada in a car!"



"I hope you don't mind . . . I'm a compulsive T-shirt reader. . . ."

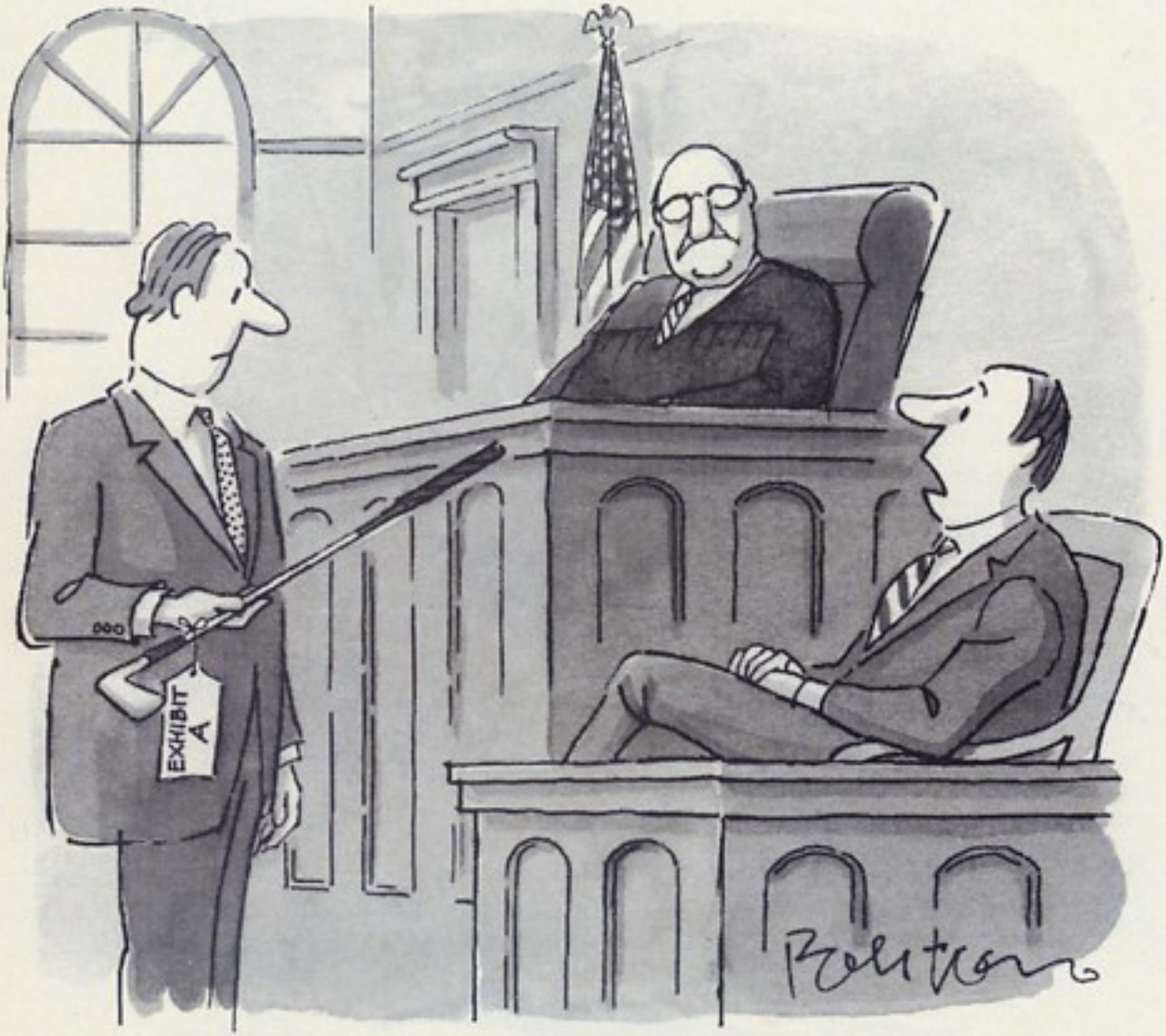


"You're hired. You'll start reviewing employee expense accounts in the morning."

GYNECOLOGY
MD

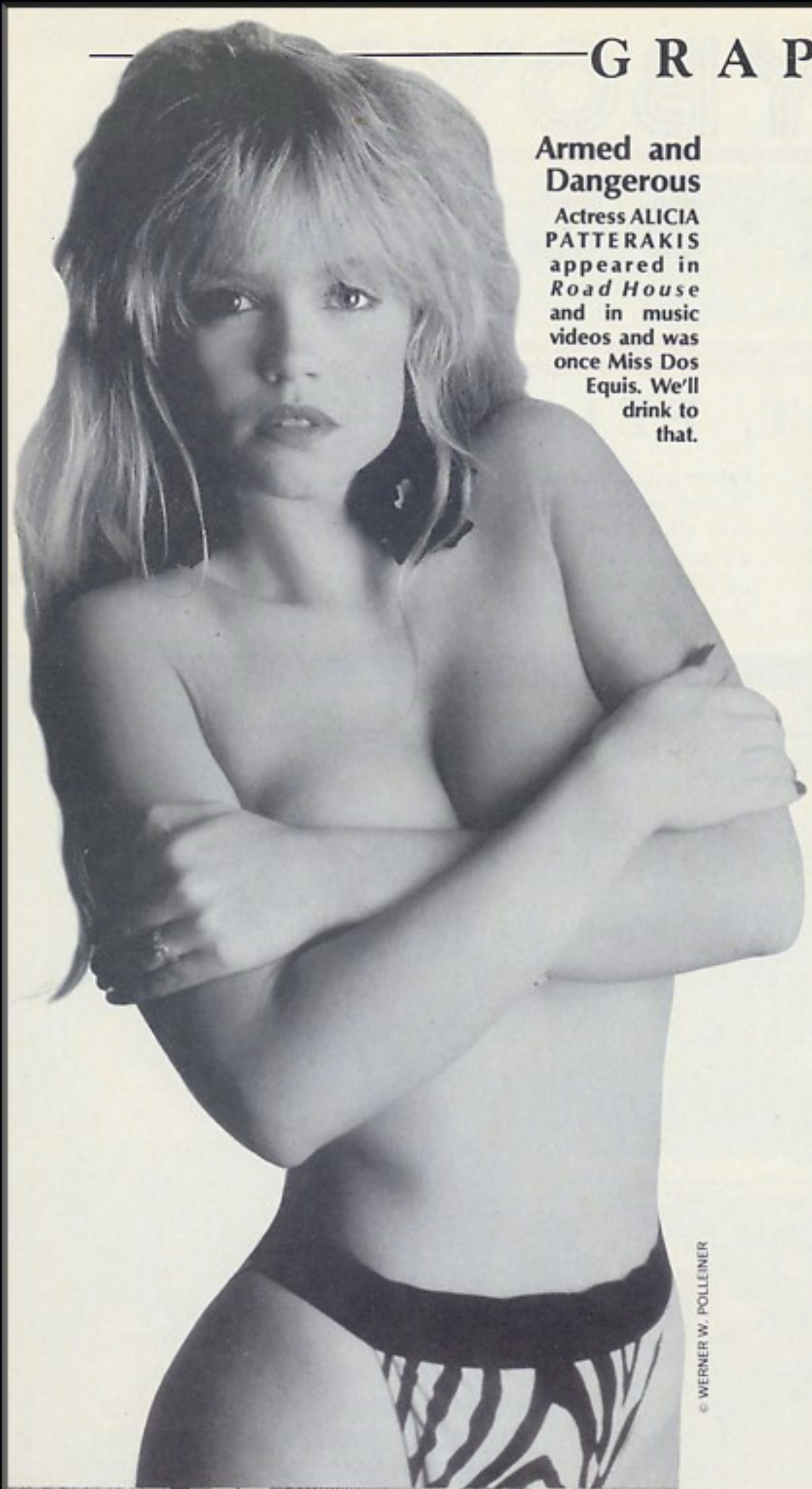
"You're starting very slowly this morning."

SHOEMAKER



"I'm really sorry I did it. Also, it wasn't what I'd call a good swing."

"Oh, yes. And fax a 'Happy Anniversary' to my wife."



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Armed and Dangerous

Actress ALICIA PATTERAKIS appeared in *Road House* and in music videos and was once Miss Dos Equis. We'll drink to that.

PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Paige and Verse

KEVIN PAIGE's self-titled debut album hit the charts last year and he recently wrapped up his first U.S. concert tour. His taste is heavy on funk seasoned with a touch of Kiss. Kevin wrote nine of the ten songs on the album; there's no writer's block on this Paige.

PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Loud Cries from the Jungle

The JUNGLE BROTHERS were quoted in a major news magazine this past spring, which is only fitting for the rap group whose first independent LP sold big underground and whose first major-label debut, *Done by the Forces of Nature*, got widespread critical attention. Rappers for the Nineties.

This Curry Is Very Spicy

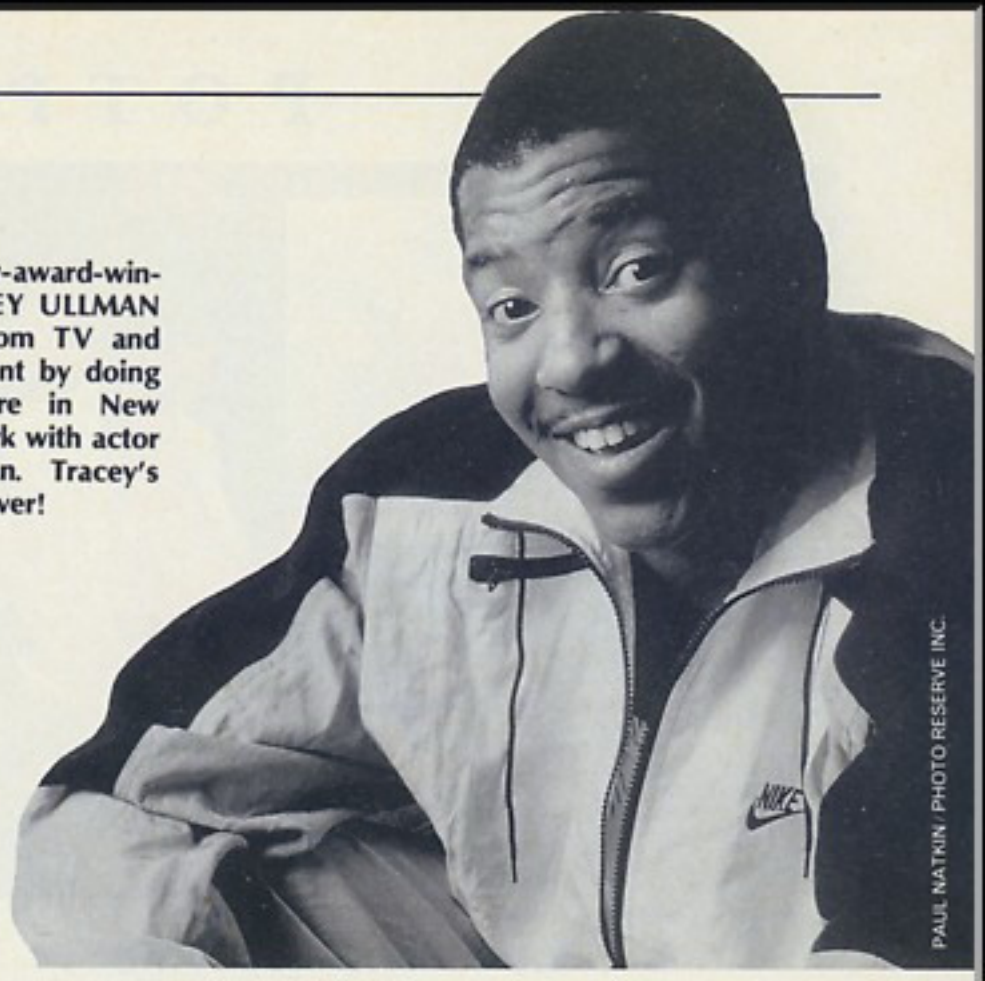
If you missed JENNIFER CURRY's voluptuous curves on the big screen in *Dangerous Curves* and *Dragnet*, you won't want to miss her in a sexy 1991 swimsuit calendar shot on location in Hawaii. We think you'll agree that this lady is one hot dish.

© MARK LEIVDAL

© SCOTT DOWNIE / CELEBRITY PHOTO

Tracey's Lacy

Summer finds Emmy-award-winning actress TRACEY ULLMAN taking a break from TV and stretching her talent by doing some Shakespeare in New York's Central Park with actor Morgan Freeman. Tracey's busting out all over!



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Bust a Move

MARVIN "YOUNG MC" YOUNG is a Grammy winner, a university graduate, the co-writer of both *Wild Thing* and *Funky Cold Medina* for Tone-Lōc and the writer/performer of the million seller *Stone Cold Rhymin'*, his debut LP. Not too shabby for a guy just starting out.

© 1990 MARK LEIVDAL

Sitting Pretty

This beauty is actress VERNA LYNN RICHLAND. You may have seen her in *The Blob* or *Night Killing* at the movies or you may be getting a first look at her in *Grapevine*. Can we pick them, or what?

WHERE THE GIRLS ARE

The next time you're settled in for a lonely Saturday night, reach for The Singles Map. Here are the crucial stats: the number of single men for every 100 single women in the 20–39 age group in each of 150 metropolitan areas of the United States. The place you don't want to live is the Salinas-Monterey area below San Francisco, where there are 166 single men to every 100 single women. The best pickings? Try the McAllen-Edinburg-Mission area on the border of Texas and Mexico, which boasts only 78 single men to 100 single women. The 18" x 24" Singles Map sells for $9.95, postpaid, sent to Map Makers, P.O. Box 97, Kenmore, New York 14217. If you're over 39, there's the company's other map, The Ancestry of the American People, which shows areas of concentration for 22 ethnic groups.

STAR-CROSSED HANGOUT

Now, we're not going to guarantee that Mikhail Baryshnikov, Julian Lennon, Peter Max, Regis Philbin, Neil Sedaka or Christopher Walken is going to show up when you check out Columbus on Broadway, "Broadway's newest, sumptuous, sensational and scintillating eatery," at 224 West 49th Street, in the heart of the theater district. Then again, you never know. They and a dozen other investors are the owners of the new restaurant that recently opened for lunch, dinner and after-theater dining. The menu is an eclectic mix ranging from pasta *primavera* to blackened red snapper with roasted-pepper *salsa*, plus burgers, salads, etc. The wine list is reasonable and the atmosphere's easy. Just don't forget your autograph book.

WELCOME TO THE CLUB

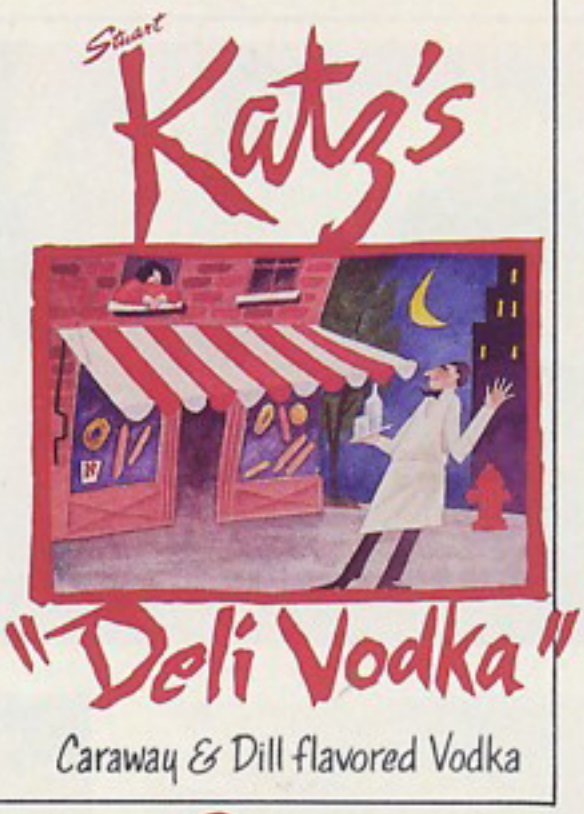
The next time you visit Walt Disney World Resort in Orlando and want to escape the madding crowds, drop by the Adventurers Club in Disney's adult playland, Pleasure Island. Masks that talk, eccentric globe-trotters eager to share a farfetched yarn and even a pith-helmeted British officer who suddenly springs to life are just some of the weird goings on. It's a trip that's decidedly un–Mickey Mouse. Later, you can go on a real adventure: Pleasure Island's five other clubs stay open late.

SOUTHPAW PITCH

All you southpaws will be pleased to learn that August 13 is national Left-Hander's Day. It's the perfect time to check out Lefty's Corner, a mail-order company owned by Dale Hersch that specializes in—you guessed it—left-handed paraphernalia. Whether it's left-handed kitchen equipment, desk gizmos or even a Swiss Army knife, Lefty's Corner has it. A call to 717-586-LEFT will get you a two-dollar catalog, so why be left out?

BORSCHT BELT

Stuart Katz's Deli Vodka is just like your favorite neighborhood deli. There's a little taste of caraway in it like you'd get in a nice rye bread and a hint of dill like you'd get in a good kosher pickle. You can drink it on the rocks or mix it in a Kosher Mary. It also goes down well with a corned-beef sandwich and a little potato salad. The price for an 80-proof bottle is about $12, and Hiram Walker, the producer, guarantees that "to the best of our knowledge, this premium vodka has never been served to a Russian czar." *Mazel tov!*

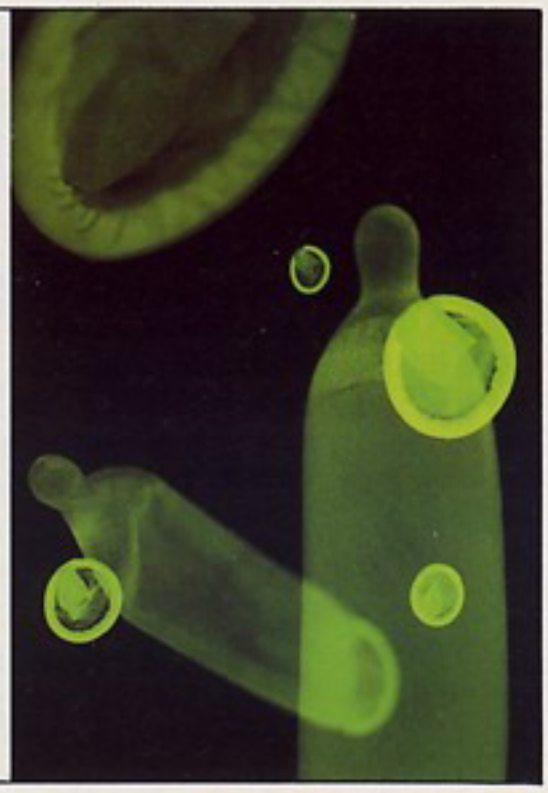


SOMETHING TO TOY WITH

From the tiny bows and arrows of the pre-Colonial Plains Indian children to modern Go-Bots, Richard O'Brien's *The Story of American Toys* (Abbeville Press) captures in words and pictures (more than 200 of them in color) the magical material possessions of childhood. Toy soldiers, cast-iron cars, Lincoln Logs, Tootsie-toys—all for only $49.95. Our favorites? Barbie and Ken, who else?

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

"Wrap your Knight in shining armor" is how Custom Condoms of Somerville, Massachusetts, advertises its Knight Light glow-in-the-dark condoms, which "will add spice, humor and a brand-new dimension to the night life of many American couples." Oh, yaaaaasssss! The condoms are said to glow for as long as 15 minutes, with an afterglow lasting as long as five hours after a few seconds' exposure to bright light. Single packs go for about $2.50 at your neighborhood pharmacy. Rise and shine!



HOT CHICK

Lola, a popular Caribbean restaurant at 30 West 22nd Street, New York 10010, is famous for its "100-spice" fried chicken and fun-filled atmosphere. But now the co-owner, Yvonne "Lola" Bell, has gone showbiz and created "the world's first recipe music video," a four-minute VHS tape in which Lola (accompanied by a host of happy customers) reveals to an island beat how to cook fried chicken Lola style. The tape is $16.50, postpaid. Lola, you are one hot chick-en.

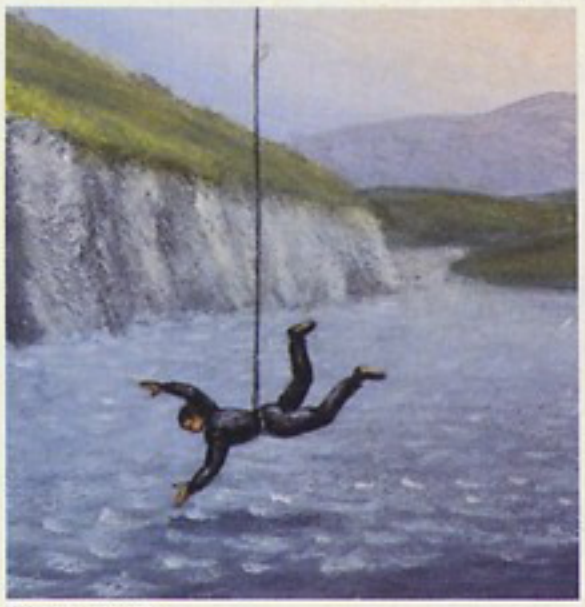
THE JERSEYS OF SUMMER

Baseball jerseys, like baseball teams, weave their own magic. But to a true believer, all the synthetic replicas sold today are about as exciting as a Styrofoam bat. So Mitchell & Ness Inc. in Philadelphia has created the Cooperstown "Authentic" Collection, authentic jerseys that are identical to those worn in the majors by various teams as far back as 1899. Prices range from $150 to $235. A call to 215-592-6512 will get you a list.

NEXT MONTH

INTERNATIONAL BEAUTIES

MOVIE WARRIOR



HUMAN YO-YO

VIETNAM VALOR

"RABBIT AT REST"—OUR HERO, HARRY ANGSTROM, WAXES NOSTALGIC OVER 18 HOLES OF GOLF AND, AT 55, ASSESSES SEX, LIFE AND DEATH—EXCERPTED FROM THE FOURTH AND LAST OF THE RABBIT NOVELS BY **JOHN UPDIKE**

"CAPTIVE HONOR"—FOR AMERICAN OFFICERS HELD PRISONER IN NORTH VIETNAM, THE WAR BECAME A GRIM BATTLE FOR DIGNITY, HOPE AND REVENGE—A GRIPPING EXCERPT FROM A NEW BOOK BY **GEOFFREY NORMAN**

MAURY POVICH, THE MOST POPULAR SYNDICATED NEWS HOST, EXPLAINS HIS CURRENT AFFAIR WITH UNDERWEAR, INSISTS THAT **DAVID LETTERMAN**—AND EVERYONE ELSE—IS IN LOVE WITH HIS WIFE, **CONNIE CHUNG,** AND RECALLS HIS MOST MEMORABLE AND MOST REGRETTABLE BROADCASTS IN AN INFOTAINING **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"WORLD-CUP GIRLS"—ELEVEN INTERNATIONAL PLAYMATES COMPETE IN *PLAYBOY*'S FOOSBALL WORLD-CUP EVENT. JOIN US IN THE WINNER'S CIRCLE FOR CHAMPAGNE AND FUN

"RUBBER JUMP"—IT'S HIGH ADVENTURE IN THE SIERRAS WHEN OUR INTREPID REPORTER TAKES A FLYING LEAP FROM A 110-FOOT BRIDGE AND BECOMES A HUMAN YO-YO—BY **CRAIG VETTER**

RICKEY HENDERSON OF THE OAKLAND A'S TALKS ABOUT STEALING THE ALL-TIME STOLEN-BASE RECORD FROM **LOU BROCK,** PAYS A TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO THE LATE **BILLY MARTIN** AND TELLS US WHY HE'S HAPPY TO BE A HOT DOG IN A SPORTING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"CHARLIE SHEEN GOES TO WAR"—THE SENSITIVE TOUGH GUY GETS ALL PUMPED UP ON THE SET OF HIS NEW FILM, *NAVY S.E.A.L.*—BY **LAURENCE GONZALES**

PLUS: FIND OUT WHO GETS THE BALL AND WHO TAKES THE FALL IN **PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST**—BY **GARY COLE; "SOUTHERN EXPOSURE":** A TASTE OF DOWN-HOME FOOD AND A TOAST TO SOUTHERN SPIRITS, BY **KAREN MACNEIL;** OUR FALL FASHION PREVIEW THAT GUARANTEES A HIT ON CAMPUS; AND MUCH MORE